

# THE SILENT WORLD.

Vol. II.

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No. 9.

## IN A GARRET.

THIS realm is sacred to the silent past;  
Within its drowsy shades are treasures rare  
Of dust and dreams—the years are long, since last  
A stranger's foot-fall pressed the creaking stair.

This room no housewife's tidy hand disturbs;  
And here, like some strange presence, ever clings  
A homesick smell of dry, forgotten herbs—  
A musty odor as of mouldering things.

Here stores of withered roots and leaves repose,  
For fancied virtues prized in days of yore—  
Gathered with thoughtful care, mayhap by those  
Whose earthly ills are healed for evermore.

Here shy Arachne winds her endless thread,  
And weaves her silken tapestry unseen,  
Veiling the rough-hewn timbers overhead,  
And looping gossamer festoons between.

Along the low joists of the sloping roof  
Moth-eaten garments hang, a gloomy row,  
Like tall, fantastic ghosts which stand aloof,  
Holding grim converse with the long ago.

Here lie remembrancers of childish joys—  
Old fairy-stories, conned and conned again;  
A cradle, and a heap of battered toys,  
Beloved by babes who now are bearded men.

Here in the summer, at a broken pane,  
The yellow wasps come in, and buzz and build  
Among the rafters; wind, and snow, and rain,  
All enter, as the seasons are fulfilled.

This mildewed chest, behind the chimney, holds  
Old letters, stained and nibbled—faintly show  
The faded phrases on the tattered folds  
Once kissed, perhaps, or tear-wet—who may know?

I turn a page like one who plans a crime,  
And lo! love's prophecies and sweet regrets—  
A tress of chesnut hair—a love-lorn rhyme,  
And fragrant dust which once was violets.

I wonder if the small, sleek mouse, that shaped  
His winter nest between these rugged beams,  
Was happier that his bed was lined and draped  
With the bright warp and woof of youthful dreams?

Here, where the gray, incessant spiders spin,  
Shrouding from view the sunny world outside,  
A golden bumble-bee has blundered in,  
And lost the way to liberty, and died.

So the lost present drops into the past;  
So the warm, living heart, that loves the light,  
Faints at the unresponsive darkness vast  
Which hides Time's buried mysteries from sight.

Why rob these shadows of their sacred trust?  
Let the thick cobwebs hide the day once more;  
Leave the dead years to silence and to dust,  
And close again the long-unopened door.

—ELIZABETH AKERS ALLEN.

## JOEL'S HOME.

I NEVER heard any one call Joel Hull a philosopher, yet the thought has often occurred to me that he has been more deserving of the title than many of those renowned persons upon whom the appellation has been conferred. It is quite true that he has never astonished any one by the brilliancy of his conversation, and he has never performed any of those great actions which would spread his fame over the world; yet from the study of his life a deep impression of his true greatness will be produced, and a great liking for the man will be obtained. He does not mingle in the busy and fashionable world, and form around himself a circle of gifted minds, in which his own shines in the centre as the brightest star. His name, although revered by those acquainted with him, is scarcely known outside of his own immediate neighborhood. In short, he is but a farmer, and that only on a small scale, and his home is simply a rustic one. Still, this home is not like many of those unattractive, cheerless ones we so often see when we make an excursion into the country. It approaches, on the contrary, more closely to one's ideal of a rural residence.

It is situated on a gentle eminence, at the distance of some two or three hundred yards from the public road, and is connected with the latter by a smooth gravel carriage-way. The house, a frame one, is built somewhat in the style of an Italian cottage, and, while avoiding all appearance of vain display, it seems to combine, in a happy manner, comfort with rustic elegance. Groves of trees stand around, affording a cool and delightful shade in summer and offering an obstruction to the piercing blasts of winter. Here, in the spring time, the birds build their nests undisturbed by the fear of danger, and make the air resound with their melodious notes. In front, sloping gently downwards to the road, is a smooth, grassy lawn, with here and there a vase containing trailing vines, or a bed with flowers. Often at evening time do passers by pause in front of this lawn, and for awhile watch Joel's little boys and girls chase each other over it, or romp beneath the spreading branches of the great oak trees. It is a pleasant picture to gaze upon, and one needs not to be told that happiness, contentment, and thrifty prosperity have here their abode; for evidences of the fact are everywhere visible, and seem to make their presence felt in the very air of the place. Back of the house there is the neat little barn, the nicely laid out garden, the orchard, containing a fine assortment of various kinds of fruit trees, and back of all these are the remaining five and seventy acres that Joel calls his own.

The exterior of Joel's home being thus so beautiful and artistic, it could scarcely be otherwise than that the arrangement of the interior should be of equal excellence. Convenience and comfort seem to be the rule followed, for while the furnishings of the rooms may not be termed elegant, they are chaste and neat; they wear such a cheerful and cosy look that it is pleasant even for a stranger to linger in them. Here one feels wholly at his ease, and is not tormented by the fear of injuring some delicate article of furniture if he ventures to be a little careless in his behavior. Everything is arranged with a view to making it useful, attractive, and enjoyable, and nothing is intended for mere empty show.

In the evening time, when the various duties of the day are finished and the family is gathered around the open fire-place in the little sitting-room, a more beautiful scene or a happier family group it would be hard to find. The shaded lamp sheds

A DUMB man recently went to law with a deaf man; the latter, of course, was the *defendant*.

THE coach-house and dwelling of David Knapp, 106th street, New York, was burned Tuesday, April 18. The fire is supposed to have been kindled by a deaf-mute, a son of the owner. Loss \$25,000. This son is a graduate of the Hartford School.

a soft mellow light over the room, while the flames leap and crackle on the hearth. There is Joel, sitting in his easy chair, poring over book and paper, and conversing with those around him or playing with his little ones.

It was my good fortune, not long ago, to spend several evenings in this happy family group, and it was here that Joel communicated to me some of the details of his previous life. I wish that space would permit me to relate them all even as they were told me; but were this possible, much of the charm they originally possessed would be lost, for, undoubtedly, a great deal of that charm was furnished by the surroundings. Depriving them of all embellishments, they may be thus briefly stated:

After graduating at a certain well-known institution—for be it known Joel is a member of our silent band—he began naturally to consider seriously what profession he should choose. Having received several offers of the position of instructor, with a very liberal salary, he felt strongly tempted to accept one of them; but then he had observed that those engaged in this profession, with scarcely an exception, at the outset had designed to pursue it only for a few years and make it the stepping-stone to something higher. After years had passed they found that such a network of circumstances had been gradually formed around them that it appeared almost impossible to tear themselves away; and even could they have succeeded in doing this, it would have been still more difficult to have adopted a new calling at so late a period in their lives. Hence, although dissatisfied, they had kept on, and at last old age found them plodding the same dreary round which they had entered upon in the dawn of their early manhood. No property had been accumulated, and thus there was no other alternative but to toil on until they toppled over into the grave. The dream they once had of spending the last years of their lives in quiet repose was never to be realized.

Worse than all this, there seemed to be an uncontrollable tendency on the deaf-mute teacher's part to renounce the society of the speaking world and to associate wholly with members of his own class—members who, intellectually, were generally far below him. The influence thus exerted over him could not but be in the highest sense damaging. In many cases he ceased to advance, and in some he even appeared to retrograde. At forty or fifty the intellect of these latter ones was not so bright; they had not so ready a command of language as they had on completing their course in school. For the deaf or semi-mute to obtain anything approaching to a complete mastery of the English language, to acquire the ability to use it not only correctly but elegantly, and to become familiar with all its idiomatic peculiarities, to Joel it seemed absolutely necessary that they should associate exclusively with those people who constantly employed that language. He might be mistaken in thinking thus, yet as long as he did think so it would never do for him to become a teacher. The more he pondered over the matter the more was his conviction strengthened that he should engage in something else.

So, after a good deal of reflection, he decided to be a farmer. At first he was comparatively poor; but by industry, prudent management, and dint of saving, he had in a few years acquired all the land he cared about possessing. Then he turned his attention to beautifying his grounds, making his fields productive, and striving to realize in a measure that ideal of a country home which from boyhood had haunted his imagination. He did not, as many farmers do, plant and cultivate after a blind, unreasoning fashion; he sought rather to elevate agriculture to the dignity of an art. Fortune had smiled upon him, and at the age of forty he found himself in the possession of that beautiful home which I have above so imperfectly described.

Long before this he had married the daughter of a neighboring farmer, and it was to her and to the children which she

bore him that he was chiefly indebted for the airy cheerfulness of his home and the great happiness of his life. He was thus saved from that state of irritable selfishness into which recluses often fall, since he had to provide for the welfare of others as well as for his own. He had an abundance of leisure time, and this he devoted to reading and study. The result was he was not only conversant with the daily doings of the world, but had acquired a fair knowledge of its past history. Nor were the sciences neglected; to botany and geology in particular he gave much attention, and the benefits which he derived from his knowledge of the former were almost incalculable.

Nothing, as yet, has occurred to make him regret his early choice, and the older he becomes the more thankful he is that he decided to be a farmer. If his life is destitute of any great achievements or exciting experience, it is also free from distressing cares, vexations, and disappointments. He does not hold golden goblets in his hands, but he quaffs the richest of wine.

V. F. H.

#### LAURA C. REDDEN.

Our readers will be interested in the following extract from the Chicago correspondence of *The New York World*, giving an account of the literary career of Miss Redden:

"Twelve years ago, at the age of 20, Laura left her father's home in southwestern Missouri and went to St. Louis, resolved to support herself and the family. She knew much of books, but little of the world. She was unusually bashful and timid. She was perfectly deaf and dumb, but she started on with courage, and told her father and brothers that she would bring them help. She first tried her hand upon *The Democrat*, and her success was immediate and brilliant. She wrote society articles, occasionally an editorial, now and then a dramatic criticism, strangely graphic, though she had not heard a word of the play. She was sent to Washington by *The Democrat* as its political correspondent, and, in spite of a misfortune that drives most of its victims into silence, she succeeded admirably, writing over the pseudonym of 'Howard Glyndon,' 'because,' she explained, pathetically, 'so many would despise my opinions if they knew they were the opinions of a woman.' In three months she procured a clerkship for herself in the War Department—the first woman appointed, I believe. In three months more she obtained similar positions for her father and oldest brother, and summoned them to the capital in a letter which also enclosed through passes on the cars. In six months more she had written and published a volume entitled 'The Notable Men in the House,' a book remarkable for its witty and picturesque sketches of conspicuous Congressmen. It has a marvellous sparkle and effervescence; now and then also strains of fervid and passionate eloquence. During the next two years she published two volumes of poems, some of the war pieces having been

—"Struck off at white heat,  
When the heart in the breast like a trip-hammer beat."

"She wrote some of the best patriotic hymns of the war, that stirred the blood like Mrs. Browning's 'News from Gaeta.' Since quitting Washington she has given her pen wholly to poetry, correspondence, and vivacious life sketches, and is now a regular *attache* of *The New York Evening Mail*."

THE Prince of Wales, while on his visit to this continent, in 1860, presented \$500 to the Nova Scotia Institution for the deaf and dumb.

THERE is a young man, an uneducated deaf-mute, confined in the Rockwood Lunatic Asylum, at Kingston, Canada, for a crime he committed some time ago.



## CONGRESS AND THE DEAF AND DUMB.

[Debate on New York Institution—Concluded.]

MR. CLAY rose again to remark that the whole of the deaf and dumb in the United States, at least all those incompetent to support themselves at an asylum by their own estates, might be educated at the Connecticut Asylum, now in successful operation. He, therefore, did not think an additional asylum for the deaf and dumb necessary; but even supposing that another institution were necessary for the American community, was it proper that it should be fixed at New York, which was not more than one hundred miles from the Asylum at Hartford, and, least of all, would it be proper to locate it in a place so expensive as New York? If another Institution was to be encouraged, let it go, Mr. C. said, into the interior, among a class to which the gentleman from Pennsylvania (Mr. Forrest, a member of the Society of Friends) belongs, whose frugal, regular, and industrious habits, and simplicity of character, suited them to the management of such things; but not, he repeated, establish it in a large city, remarkable for its expensive and luxurious habits, &c. These reasons, Mr. C. thought, might fairly be adduced in addition to the others which had been justly urged against the bill, and he must still hope, notwithstanding the eloquent manner in which the bill had been supported by the gentleman from New York, (Mr. Meigs,) that his own motion would prevail, and the first section be stricken out.

Mr. Gross, of New York, said he clearly perceived that the committee was prepared to reject the bill, but he could not resist the inclination which he felt to make some remarks on the extraordinary objections which gentlemen had raised against its passage. The bill, he said, had called forth not only the wit, but also the acrimony of gentlemen, to a degree quite unexpected, and, in his opinion, altogether unjustified by any circumstances which had attended its progress. Gentlemen might, with some show of propriety, call the prayer of the petitioners selfish, but he could not perceive in what point of view it appeared ridiculous. They asked a portion of the public lands for the purpose of aiding them in the education of the deaf and dumb. Was this a proper subject of merriment? The honorable gentleman from Connecticut (Mr. Foot) thought we had no constitutional right to be generous. This, Mr. G. said, might be true or false, without throwing much light on the subject before the committee. The only important inquiry is, has Congress the power to dispose of the public lands? The gentleman saw no evil in the donation to Connecticut, but he seemed to apprehend the destruction of our liberties by the proposed grant.

Wherein, Mr. G. asked, consists the wonderful difference between the two cases in point of principle or result? Why, sir, in the Connecticut Asylum were to be found some pupils from without the State. But, unfortunately for the honorable gentleman, the difference was only imaginary, and did not exist in point of fact.

The honorable Speaker, said Mr. G., thinks that the city of New York is an expensive place, and consequently not well calculated for the education of persons of any description. He draws the splendor of the drawing-rooms of the merchants of that great city with the hand of a master, and with the accuracy of one well acquainted with his subject. But, sir, said Mr. G., although extravagance is visible among the rich and gay, economy may also be found among its inhabitants. We are not to inquire into the customs of the fashionables, but into the prices of rents and provisions, in order to decide on the propriety of the location. For the cheapness and variety to be found in its markets New York has no rival. It is also said that it is partiality to grant lands to one State and not to

another. For my part, said Mr. G., I am willing that a similar grant should be made, for a similar purpose, to every State in the Union. He doubted, he said, whether we could apply the public lands to a better purpose, and he believed he was not alone in so thinking.

The honorable gentleman from Massachusetts, Mr. Holmes, Mr. G. said, could not refrain his propensity to be witty on this occasion. He had fancied the people of the United States struck dumb at the enormity of the unheard-of provisions of this bill. It would be well for the honorable gentleman, said Mr. G., if his constituents were both deaf and dumb; for, if they spake at all, they must exclaim against the parsimony of their representative. On the whole, Mr. G. said, he considered the object of the proposed donation as one worthy the patronage of the United States; that the cheapness of provisions in the city of New York and the facility of intercourse which it enjoyed with all parts of the Union rendered it the most eligible of any place for an institution of the kind, and that, by the grant of the land proposed, it would experience much benefit, without affecting, in the least, the Treasury of the United States. For these reasons he would vote for the bill and against the amendment.

Mr. Rhea, of Tenn., also offered some remarks, not heard, in opposition to the bill.

The Committee of the Whole agreed to strike out the first section; which decision the House affirmed by a large majority, and of course the bill was rejected.

E. M. G.

THE ART OF NOT HEARING.—The art of not hearing is fully as important to domestic happiness as a cultivated ear, for which so much time and money are expended. There are so many things which are so painful to hear, many of which, if heard, will disturb the temper and detract from contentment and happiness, that every one should be educated to take in or shut out sounds at will. If a man falls into a violent passion and calls me all manner of names, the first word shuts my ears, and I hear no more. If in my quiet voyage of life I am caught in one of those domestic whirlwinds of scolding, I shut up my ears, as a sailor would furl his sails, and making all tight, scud before the gale. If a hot and restless man begins to inflame my feelings, I consider what mischief these sparks might do in the magazine below, where my temper is kept, and instantly close the door. Does a gadding, mischief-making fellow begin to inform me what people are saying about me, down drops the portcullis of my ear, and he cannot get in any further. Some people feel so very anxious to hear everything that will vex and annoy them, they set about searching and finding it out. If all the petty things said of one by the heedless or ill-natured idlers were to be brought home to him, he would become a mere walking pincushion stuck full of sharp remarks. I should as soon thank a man for emptying on my head a bushel of nettles, or setting loose a swarm of mosquitoes in my chamber, or raising a pungent in my house generally, as to bring upon me all the tattle of spiteful people. If you would be happy, when among good men open your ears; when among bad, shut them. It is not worth while to hear what your servants say when they have slammed the door; what a beggar says whose petition you have rejected; what your neighbors say about your children; what your rivals say about your business or dress. I have noticed that a well-bred woman never hears an impertinent remark. A kind of discreet deafness saves one from not a little apparent connivance in dishonorable conversation.—*Cassel's Magazine*.

It is stated that Henry W. Syle, a professor of the New York Institution, is engaged to be married to Miss Flannery.

# THE SILENT WORLD.

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WASHINGTON, MAY 1, 1872.

A COPY of a circular letter, similar to that issued by the Fanwood Literary Association of the New York Institution, has been sent us by the Michigan Cleric Monument Association. It is over the name of the President, Mr. Breg, and is a very handsome and creditable document. It gives a short account of Mr. Clerc's work, and of his claims to remembrance by all lovers of humanity, and appeals to such to give what they will to aid in the erection of the memorial. It has all along been our opinion that this way is the most effective one for securing sufficient money for the project, and we hope it will be followed by all existing organizations. It was originally intended to have the memorial erected by the contributions of deaf-mutes alone, we believe, but that has long since been given up, as being impracticable; and the only way of reaching persons, who, not being deaf, are unacquainted with the work of Mr. Clerc, is through the medium of a semi-historical circular like this of the Michigan Association. Let all adopt it, then.

SAMUEL GALLOWAY, who died in Columbus, Ohio, a short time since, was one of the most effective public speakers in the West. His force was in his face-makings, of which he was almost as perfect a master as Tom Corwin. He would get up before an audience and make what would read like a very plain speech to those who had not witnessed the facial emphasis with which it was interspersed during its delivery; but he could hold a crowd for hours, and keep it in convulsions of laughter, not by what he said so much as by the way he looked just after he had said it. There were those who thought he merely imitated Tom Corwin, but he was not an imitator of anybody. He had a very homely countenance to begin with—as had Corwin also—and he had a wonderful faculty for twisting it into shapes to suit the tenor of his speech. It used to be said of him that he could make a first-rate speech without uttering a syllable; and it was a habit with him to go through with a few facial contortions before proceeding with his discourse. This faculty of his perhaps explains his never failing interest in the deaf and dumb, for he had for a long time been a very active and efficient director of the Ohio Institution, and deaf-mutes are unsurpassed for making faces while talking; in fact, most of the talking of many consists in contortions of the features.

A CONFIRMATION SERVICE was held by the Rt. Rev. Bishop Potter, at St. Ann's Church for Deaf-Mutes, New York, on the third Sunday after Easter, April 21, at 3½ P. M. The service, as read by the Rev. Dr. Seymour, and the Rev. Messrs. Jacocks and Chamberlain, was interpreted by the rector, Rev. Dr. Gallaudet. The Bishop's address to the candidates was also interpreted. Of the class of twenty-two, five were deaf-mutes. Of the latter, two had been cared for at the Home, which is now fairly begun. The Bishop, in his closing remarks, spoke very kindly of this venture of faith in gathering aged and infirm deaf-mutes in a Christian home.

The readers of THE SILENT WORLD will please remember that there are now three deaf-mute men for whose support provision must be made. It is hoped that God will open the way for the care of other deaf-mutes, women as well as men, when

providential circumstances may make it necessary to apply for aid. In some cases, perhaps, persons would be willing to furnish the means for paying the board of disabled deaf-mute relatives or friends, feeling that in a Home specially founded for them they could have increased opportunities for social pleasures and religious culture. Communications may be addressed to the Rev. Thomas Gallaudet, D. D., 9 W. 18th st., N. Y.

## THE ONE LANGUAGE.

THE Scriptures tell us that, up to the unlucky day at Babel, "the whole earth was of one language and of one speech." The Bible is not given to tautology. Why, then, this repetition? Or is it no repetition? Webster defines "speech" as "the language of articulate sounds," and "language" as "any mode of conveying ideas." Therefore, if the above is no repetition, it may mean either that the "one speech" was a particular system of vocal utterances, or that there was a "one language" as distinguished from a "one speech."

Now, if there is anything to warrant the latter conclusion, we have good reason to suppose that the "one language" meant was none other than the sign language. For we find this latter active in the very babes; long before they can speak intelligibly they have a language compounded of signs and inarticulate cries. And this language always becomes more or less fully developed in after life. There is hardly a school-boy in the land whose treasury of signs is not rich enough to concoct a plan with his fellows for the time when "school's out." In oratory, the perfection of expression, signs are the complement and the co-equal of speech. Delivered without their aid, it is a chance if the most eloquent oration does not fall still-born. The old man who listened to Clay or Webster will tell us that their words seem tame and lifeless when read. "Ah! but you should have *heard* him speak—you should have *seen* his action." Further, the "one language" through which alone the people of "the whole earth" are able to comprehend one another is the sign language. Take up any book of travels—take the latest and the best, "Bits of Travels, by H. H." She writes from Salzburg, Austria:

"O, the delusion of a phrase-book! Lives there the man who ever found in one the thing he wished to say? Who does not throw it down a hundred times a month, and resolve never to look in it again? And then, in cooler moments, when you have no immediate need of them, the sentences sound so sensible, so probable, that you go back again to your old belief that they must be of use—will certainly come in play to-morrow. As for pocket-dictionaries, they are almost as vexing as the phrase-books. If you have knowledge enough to get much out of them, you have knowledge enough to do without them, and might as well have something else in your pocket. *But the blessed language of signs!* For that, one's respect increases daily. During this one short month in Germany I have come to doubt whether to be a mute is so terrible a thing as we suppose. Taking into account that they are usually born also deaf, and thereby escape so much dreadful discord of cannon, pianos, and bad English, it is by no means clear which way should swing the balance of their loss and gain."

The uneducated mute is in a situation akin to that of "H. H." And he also calls in the aid of the sign language, because it is for him—as for her—the natural, and only natural resort.

Finally, upon experiment, this natural language is found capable, like every true language, of indefinite expansion and improvement; capable of expressing thought with elegance, precision, rapidity, and force. Mr. Herbert Spencer says, in his latest published lecture, on "the Philosophy of Style:"

"How truly spoken language must be regarded as a hindrance to thought, though the necessary instrument of it, we



shall clearly perceive on remembering the comparative force with which simple ideas are communicated by signs. To say, 'Leave the room,' is less expressive than to point to the door. Placing a finger on the lips is more forcible than whispering 'Do not speak!' No phrase can convey the idea of surprise so vividly as opening the eyes and raising the eyebrows. A shrug of the shoulders would lose much by translation into words."

We see that nature and successful practice have set their high endorsements upon the sign language as an invaluable instrument in the instruction of deaf and semi-mutes. It cannot be successfully proscribed. And what can justify its attempted proscription, or its too great repression, but the presentation of results accomplished without its aid, and unmistakably superior to the results constantly accomplished with its aid. A.G.D.

## [CORRESPONDENCE.]

## TRIGAMY AND THE BIBLE.

Editors of Silent World:

GENTLEMEN: You will kindly indulge me with space sufficient for answering my brother mute, as I think he is, "J. R. B.," who, in your paper of March 12th last, desires to ascertain "in what part of the Bible J. J. F. found his doctrine of trigamy."

I never asserted that trigamy, as a specific number, was taken from the Scriptures. The idea of its being so derived resulted from Dr. Holmes's sentence in the "Breakfast Table." He did not, however, intend that trigamy was any specific enumeration, as made by me from the Sacred Volume. It was only a distinction between polygamy and the prevailing monogamy that the Doctor was drawing.

I fixed polygamy by "tri." The term I coined, meaning, from classic language, three marriages. The allowance of more than one wife to man is in the Bible, but not numbered, unless we take the Lord's interdiction of any king's having too many, after Solomon's excess—putting them at moderation, not addition, may be taken as the Divine Will. The monarch to whom the prophet was sent with the message married only twenty-four. Solomon had a thousand women, all, if possible, to his individual harem.

After this explanation, perhaps I ought to stop. J. R. B. has the reply to his query from the *Corypheus* himself.

Yet, to "fend" myself a little from the prejudices rising thick as locusts against every plan or system which conscientious duty to God and man urges a mute one in my person to project and propose, it may be well to say that trigamy is founded in religion, morality, and nature too deeply to be overthrown by any argument less cogent than truth. And logical truth is with me.

I believe J. R. B. is a friend, and made the inquiry in the spirit of amity. If not, he can rest assured that this system, which is evidently growing into appreciation; which will destroy Mormonism, with its wild numbers; which may finally cleanse Christian nations of licentiousness, and attain the benefactions of Almighty God, will not suffer in its integrity and sanctity by the indisposition of men for co-operation with me.

Trigamy is based upon men's passions and conscience; and, if it has gotten a foothold, it will be placed in the deliberate category of that divine command, "Prove all things; and hold fast that which is good." It will have experiment—will be tested.

It is a remarkable fact that, while many can turn from the Old Testament to the New as their last "anchor of hope" for defeating trigamy, that the early Christians, until the third century, were polygamists! They were not reproved; and they knew the Lord's will better than we of to-day.

J. J. FLOURNOY.

NEAR ATHENS, GA., March, 1872

## COLLEGE RECORD.

## THE VICTORY OVER DEATH.

A sermon delivered on the 31st of March, 1872, to the students and pupils of the Columbia Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, commemorative of Mrs. ANNIE SZYMANOSKIE SMITHSON, by EDWARD M. GALLAUDET, Ph. D., LL. D., President of the Institution.

"So when this corruptible shall have put on incorruption, and this mortal shall have put on immortality, then shall be brought to pass the saying that is written, Death is swallowed up in victory."—1 Corinthians, xv, 54.

Success seldom fails to win the approbation and applause of men. When it is attained even with little effort the successful man is looked up to by his less fortunate brethren. But when, in spite of great obstacles, against mighty odds, a man accomplishes his purpose, when a hardy explorer urges his way to the shores of a new continent, when a skillful commander snatches victory from the jaws of defeat, the world holds its breath in admiration, and the conqueror's laurels, with enduring fame, are the meeds of the successful man.

No defeat can be more complete and overwhelming to him who seeks only temporal ends than death. From every other failure man may turn with more or less of hope. Business may be ruined; but, if strength of mind and limb remain, new efforts may be put forth and fortunes retrieved. If one path in life leads only to disappointment, another may open the way to satisfaction. But when death rises before man and lays his icy finger on his brow, the limit of human effort is reached. No acuteness of brain, no lore of age, no boldness of heart, no tenacity of purpose, no stubbornness of will can avail; man in all his majesty, the lord of the earth and its resources, must own himself overcome and baffled. And were this rout by death the conclusion of all human endeavor, the end of all human hope; had man no other expectation than that of final and inevitable defeat in his last conflict, then indeed would he be but a worm, destined to grovel through the brief period of his allotted existence, only to descend to the earth from whence he came.

Our text speaks glorious words to him who trembles at the thought of this last, and, in one point of view, always unsuccessful battle. The momentous defeat is overpast; the eye of faith is directed onward; the ear of hope hears of immortality; the waiting, striving, fainting soul is bidden to join in the shout of victory in the moment of its supreme agony.

This, then, is the sublime lesson taught by the Christian religion—life is to be evolved from death; success from apparent ruin; immortal joy from the blackness of despair. How comforting! how consoling! how encouraging! how inspiring! Who would not learn this wondrous lesson?

We are met to-day, my friends, to bring to mind one who early in life accepted the bright hope offered in the text; one who was early sent to enter the dread conflict with her last great enemy; one who was called to wear the conqueror's crown while the bloom of youth was still upon her brow.

In the month of June, 1857, this institution was opened, with five pupils in attendance. One of these, the only girl, was ANNIE SZYMANOSKIE, twelve years of age. Born in Poland, she was brought to this country in her infancy, and had lost her hearing at so early an age that she had acquired no knowledge of language through the medium of the ear. From the beginning of her course in school she gave evidence of a strength of mind that was above the average. She was always interested in her studies, and seemed to rejoice in the acquisition of knowledge. In disposition she was amiable and genial, but now and then showed some stubbornness of will and impatience of control. She was, however, willing to listen to reason, and always ready to be led by those to whom she looked for guidance. Her mind soon grasped the simple truths of religion,

and as she grew in years she seemed to grow in grace, so that there appeared no marked period when she could be said to have been "converted." While still a pupil in the institution she made a public profession of her faith in Christ as her Saviour, and connected herself with the First Presbyterian Church in Washington. In September, 1864, when the College was opened as a department in this institution, Miss Szymanoskie was one of the first to enter. She acquitted herself with credit, and showed herself abundantly capable of completing the course of study marked out. But in the summer of 1865, being then twenty years of age, and entirely dependent on her own exertions for support, she accepted a clerkship in the Treasury Department, being the first deaf-mute lady ever appointed to public office.

During her connection with the institution, she won the respect and affection of her teachers, and of her fellow pupils, and was regarded with special interest by Hon Amos Kendall, the first President of the institution. In the discharge of her official duties at the Treasury she was markedly successful, so much so as receive special commendation from her superiors.

In February, 1871, she resigned her office and was married to Mr. William Smithson, of Port Deposit, Maryland, a deaf-mute, to whom she had been some time attached. A few months after their marriage, Mr. Smithson received an appointment as clerk in the Census Office, and removed to Washington, where they made for themselves a home and ventured to look forward to many years of wedded happiness. But He who holds the issues of life and death in His hands willed otherwise. Before the year, in the second month of which she was married, had closed, she went down into the dark valley. It was my happy privilege to be with her on the day of her death, and to witness her calm triumph over her last great enemy. Knowing she was aware that she could hardly expect to recover, I asked her if she wished to live. "Oh yes," she said; "I would like to be well again, but I am willing to die if God calls me." I asked her if her faith in Christ was strong. With a smile that betokened some surprise that I should have asked such a question, she answered "Oh yes; strong, always strong." And so with absolute composure she waited the coming of Him through whom she was to conquer death—the One who brake the bands of death and led captivity captive. As she neared the closing hour, a vision of the coming glory seemed to be before her. "I see the hand of Jesus," she exclaimed, with a bright smile, and reached out both hands as if to grasp the Saviour's extended palm; and then in signs of wonderful grace and expression she offered the Lord's Prayer. And after this, she fell asleep:

"Asleep in Jesus! blessed sleep,  
From which none ever wake to weep—  
A calm and undisturbed repose,  
Unbroken by the last of foes.  
Asleep in Jesus! peaceful rest,  
Whose waking is supremely blest—  
No fear, no woe, shall dim the hour  
That manifests the Saviour's power."

It is not attempted in this discourse to give even a sketch of the life of our departed friend. The intention is rather to draw attention to the fact that she recognized as the great aim of life on earth the preparation for the life beyond the grave. That she early accepted the Redeemer of the world as her Saviour and Teacher; that she strove earnestly to live in accord with the will of God; and that in the last great conflict she came off conqueror, and "more than conqueror, through Him that loved her." As a result of human living and human endeavor, this summary expresses more than can give satisfaction to the soul of man than any life history can do which does not include these elements. For of what moment is the most brilliant earthly career that ends only in irremediable ruin?

The meteor may blaze out in the heavens, and dazzle the eye of the gratified beholder, but its glory is soon gone, and there is nothing left to even remind one that it had ever existed; while the star of lesser magnitude indeed shines out in its never fading beauty.

Our text speaks of corruption and incorruption—of mortality and immortality. Let us dwell a moment, in closing, on these things, and discern, if we may, what will be the result of that victory which is promised.

Nothing is more beautiful to look upon than a perfect man or woman in the fullness of health, and in the bloom of youth. As we regard beauty in this form, we involuntarily exclaim, Oh! that it might endure forever. We know, from experience and from history, that it must pass away; that the wrinkles and decrepitude of age must come; that the light must vanish from the eye; the rose from the lip and cheek; strength must fail, and at last the corruption of death must come, and a handful of dust alone remain of what once entranced the eye and enchained the heart. And we know, too, that but a brief series of years is needed to make the limit beyond which human strength and earthly beauty cannot endure. Our text holds out the exciting hope that corruptible human nature may put on incorruption—that the mortal may gain immortality. And thus, my friends, the great but simple problem of life is before us. Our departed sister gives us an example of a successful solution of it.

We are full of plans and purposes for the future. Does the future which we are planning for include eternity? If it does not, all our striving will be to little purpose, and we shall at the last be compelled to accept defeat as our portion. Christ offers to lead us to victory—He even offers to fight our battle for us. Nay, more: He has fought it already, and we are on this Easter Sunday reminded of the glorious morning when, breaking the bands of death, He led captivity captive. In His triumph we may share, if so be that we accept Him through faith—of the "life and immortality which He has brought to light through the Gospel" we may be partakers if we will.

God grant that none here present may be guilty of such ineffable folly and ingratitude as to spurn the offers which Christ, the Son of God, makes to us in His word.

THE report of the Clarke Institution devotes a paragraph to the case of Miss Redden. We fail to see how her improvement, upon having her attention called to the defects of her voice and receiving necessary instruction, is anywise remarkable. For it might be said, with equal truth, of any one of a dozen students now here. After eight months' instruction several were able to speak intelligibly in public halls; and one, who was taught by the President, succeeded so well in a trial of the kind, that no stranger in the audience suspected his deafness.

DR. CHICKERING, father of the Professor, who has been a member of our community during the winter, left for his home in the North a short time since. The Sabbath before his departure he spoke to the Sunday School, expressing his regret at parting, and saying that although his ignorance of our language had prevented him from saying much to us, he had spoken a great deal about us to other people he had met, and very often he had come over to take a look at the school just for the pleasure it gave him. He called the attention of the children to the great number of names appropriate to Sunday Schools beginning with the letter S: Sabbath School, Scripture School, Saviour's School, Sinner's School, Sacred School, Salvation's School, Spiritual School, School for the Study of the Sacred Scriptures; and the Doctor said, although we could not call our School a Singing School, we might call it a Silent Sunday



School. (Here the wickedest boy nudged our elbow, and asked if we couldn't call ours a *Signing* School, in place of a Singing School. We thought so.)

The Doctor's genial presence has been a pleasure to all, and his unfailing interest in all that pertains to the Institution has won the friendship and good-will of every one, and all hope his next visit is not far distant.

THE Preps had the audacity to beat a College nine at a game of base-ball last week. Oh, the wrath that is stored up against them!

W. B. LATHROP, formerly connected with the Class of '72, is now engaged in the printing office of James L. Gow, at Augusta, Georgia.

THE Literary Society has had a debate on the question "whether signs are used to an injurious extent in the education of the deaf and dumb," and it was decided that they are.

CROQUET has made its appearance. The teachers led off with a new set of implements; the girls came soon after, also with a new set, and now the students have driven their stakes.

MR. JOHN DONNEL, at one time a member of the Class of '73, and lately of the Census Office, has just passed an examination and received the appointment to a clerkship in the Pension Office.

FRED FREUND, our confectioner, had the first strawberries of the season on his table the other day—the very first in the city—rich and luscious, too. Strawberries and cream after croquet are just the thing, as Dr-p-r will testify.

THE large open field back of College Hall and Professor Chickering's house, heretofore devoted to corn and potatoes, has been graded, rolled, and sown with grass seed. The grass will greatly improve the looks of the surroundings of the College.

JUDGE MARSHALL, member of Congress from Illinois, William E. Niblack, of Indiana, and Thomas Swann, of Maryland, were out at the Institution recently inspecting matters. Judge Swann said that the main College building ought to be of brown stone to match the chapel building. We think so too.

THE following nine has been selected to represent the Kendall Base-Ball Club this season: S. F. Wheeler, Prep., c.; J. Wilkinson, '74, p.; G. W. Wakefield, Prep., 1st b.; C. Chambers, '73, 2d b.; E. L. Chapin, '74, 3d b.; W. M. Allman, '75, s. s.; C. Dashiell, Primary, 1. f.; J. A. Large, Primary, c. f.; J. M. Park, '75, r. f.

THE situation of the ball ground is a very fine one, and a little grading would make the ground as good as the best in the city. As it is, it is very rough and prolific of sprained ankles. The surface is a miserable one to drive a ball over, so the short-stop thinks after catching the ball on his nose several times in trying to head off its erratic wanderings; and the left-field, when in position, is hull down on the horizon in consequence of a deep gully in which he stands.

AT the meeting of the Literary Society, held on the 6th ult., the following officers were elected for the ensuing term: *President*, R. P. McGregor, '72; *Vice-President*, D. S. Rogers, '73; *Secretary*, D. H. Carroll, '73; *Treasurer*, J. W. Scott, '72; *Critic*, A. G. Draper, '72; *Librarian*, E. L. Chapin, '74; *Tellers*, S. L. Wheeler and C. Reed, of the Preparatory class. W. L. Hill, '72, was selected to deliver the valedictory oration, and V. F. Halloway, '73, the reply oration at the last meeting in June.

ON one of the windy days recently, after a recitation in Natural Philosophy, some of the Preps were experimenting with paper balloons and parachutes, dispatching them from one of the upper windows of College Hall. The stiff breeze caught one of the balloons and bore it off at a tearing rate over the clothes-line patch, where one of the laundry maids was hanging out clothes. She spied it, and took it for a refractory shirt freed from its moorings, and gave chase. Up into the air careened the balloon; up over the bank skirting the Primary play-ground careened the lassie; down into the hollow of the brook bounding the ball ground pitched the balloon, and after it pitched the maid. Finally she pounced upon it, well down toward the railroad, and was—well, chagrined, and more so when she became aware the Preps were observing her.

#### COMMENCEMENT ORATIONS, CLASS '72:

A Criticism of the Poems of Walt Whitman and the Prose of Garrett Davis.—A. G. Draper.

The Mental Peculiarities of the Nigger.—J. W. Scott.

The Expediency of an International System of "Chiropodism."—W. L. Hill.

A Dissertation on the Life and Public Services of Beau Hickman.—C. B. Hibbard.

The Philosophy of Pure Cussedness.—R. P. McGregor.

Flax versus Friction.—T. A. Jones.

Posies: their somnolent influences.—J. E. Beller.

An Inquiry into the Schleiromacheric theory of locomotive energy, with a Dissertation concerning earthquakes and pump-handles.—F. L. DeB. Reid.

## INSTITUTION NEWS.

### MISCELLANEOUS.

JAMES S. ABBOTT has been nominated by the Governor, and confirmed by the Senate, as a trustee of the Ohio Institution, in place of Samuel Galloway, deceased.

MR. SMITH, principal of the Oregon Institution, gave an exhibition of his pupils, at the Congregational church in Salem, in March, which brought out a full attendance, the church being filled to overflowing. The entertainment was interesting, and showed a marked improvement in the progress of the pupils since the last exhibition. Mr. Smith proved himself thoroughly proficient in the art of teaching this class of unfortunates. The Rev. P. S. Knight deserves a good deal of credit for the interest that he has ever manifested toward the school.

IN the Inspector's report of the expenditures of the Ontario Institution for Deaf-Mutes is the following curious item: "Elopement expenses, \$5.75." Who is it that ran away, and whose wife did he run away with?

WE are glad to hear that since New Year's regular services in the sign-language have been held every Sabbath afternoon in connection with the St. James Episcopal church, corner of Richmond and Cutler streets, Cincinnati. Mr. Barrick lectures regularly, and also valuable assistance is had in the rendering of the church service from Mr. Middleton, formerly connected as an officer with the Pennsylvania Institute, and now a resident of Cincinnati. There are mutes enough living in and near Cincinnati to render the arrangement a profitable one every way. It is to be hoped that the pupils now here from that section will give the enterprise their countenance during the vacation, soon coming.—*Chronicle*.

### IOWA.

THE visiting committee of the legislature paid this Institution a visit lately, and in their report they said it was not necessary to add another wing to the building at present, but that an appropriation was needed with which to introduce trades and carry out some improvements. A bill appropriating \$10,000 was therefore introduced, and passed unanimously.

ON Saturday a few weeks ago, three of the boys walked to the Nebraska Institution and back, leaving at 10 A. M. and getting back at nine P. M., very much exhausted, but proud of the feat, as the distance is twenty-five miles in all.

A girl has been born to Mr. Zorbaugh, one of the teachers.

Master Nelson, a boy of thirteen, has been elected to the responsible position of vice-president of the "Silent Base-Ball Club."

The male pupils now spend a portion of the day in working on the farm.

THE Nebraska Institution is so situated on a hill about twelve miles distant that it can be seen with the naked eye. These two Institutions are believed to be the only ones in the world situated within view of each other. J. C. H.

### MICHIGAN.

THE time for the trial of the deaf-mute who was mentioned in THE SILENT WORLD of the 1st of April having arrived, four lawyers, two of whom are brothers, and nephews to Hon. J. B. Walker, our respected Trustee, volunteered to speak for him, and argued on the criminal responsibilities of uneducated deaf-mutes. One of them, to render the case ridiculous, said: "The sheriff says that the mute is skillful in only one thing—catching mice and tying strings to their tails, and letting them run through the bars till they get loose"—the deaf-mute did that during his imprisonment. He brought down the house in laughter, in which the jury joined. Only one counsel—the prosecuting attorney—made an argument in favor of punishing him in some way. The case occupied the court about three hours. The jury was out half an hour and returned a verdict of not guilty. The joy which the deaf-mute exhibited upon being informed of his release was laughable. Unlike other discharged prisoners, he preferred lodging in the jail through the night. The next day he vanished.

FROM a letter received from Mr. Marcus Kerr, we learn that a deaf-mute has been sent to State prison for two years on account of burglary in Sheawassee county, and he is employed there as barber and hair-dresser.

A deaf and dumb boy of Mainstee, by the name of Brauser, who, it is said, will be sent to our Institution, has fallen heir to \$20,000 in gold and silver. His father had lived in the greatest poverty, clothing himself with the cast-off garments of others. After his death, an old box, with its cover strongly nailed, was opened, and found to contain the money above mentioned. As a consequence, he will attract much attention when at school.

ON the 11th, Governor Baldwin visited the Institution. He inquired into the work of the shops, and expressed himself much pleased, particularly with the shoe-shop. The Governor, who was once a shoemaker, examined a shoe manufactured by a deaf-mute and praised its workmanship. It is worthy of notice that he strongly recommended teaching the boys trades in his message to the legislature, about two years ago, and also disagreed entirely with the joint committee who favored abolishing the trades, in the winter of 1871.

W. L. M. B.

## PENNSYLVANIA.

IT may seem almost incredible to our readers that this Institution has passed through the ordeal of small-pox unharmed, notwithstanding the fact that the ward where the Institution is has suffered a heavy percentage of mortality from this disease as compared with other wards. There has not been a single case within the school premises. The health of the inmates has been good, and there has been scarcely an instance of the absence of any one of the teachers from his post on account of sickness for a single day throughout the season. This is no doubt owing to the excellent sanitary condition of the Institution. The only exception is that of an orphan deaf-mute boy of twelve years, admitted last fall, who was taken away by death on the anniversary of the birthday of the Father of his Country. The cause of his fatal illness, which was of four days' duration, was spotted fever, a disease considered even worse than small-pox itself, which fact excited, as it would naturally, a good deal of alarm among the inmates. But fortunately for the safety of those concerned, the precautionary measures that have been taken and the foresight and vigilance of those in charge of the domestic department, have rendered such apprehensions so far groundless.

Not a single case of small-pox has been reported among the deaf-mute residents of the city during the present epidemic. The same is true in regard to the visits of yellow fever and Asiatic cholera at former periods. Is deaf-dumbness a sort of talisman against pestilences?

As the mild season comes on small-pox is gradually leaving the city, as is seen by the weekly bulletin of the Board of Health, which shows a steady decrease in the number of deaths. Truly a comforting prospect of its final exit! Thank Heaven!

In justice to the Philadelphia deaf-mutes, we ought not to omit stating that their generosity in behalf of the Chicago deaf-mute sufferers was not far outdone by their brethren in other cities. The deaf-mutes of this city contributed for their relief \$65, which sum has been transmitted through the medium of their beloved pastor, Rev. Dr. Clerc, to Dr. Philip Gillett, principal of the Illinois Institution, and the receipt thereof has been duly acknowledged.

Rev. Dr. Clerc has just announced his resignation of the wardenship of the Burd Orphan Asylum in West Philadelphia, which is to take effect on the 1st of May. It is sincerely hoped that Philadelphia is not about to lose his invaluable services in connection with the deaf-mute mission there. J.

## THE FORTNIGHT.

## HOME.

THE past fortnight has been marked by heavy storms, freshets, and disastrous railroad and steamboat explosions throughout the country. A tornado in Illinois tore two houses to pieces and killed three of the inmates; freshets on the Hudson, Merrimac, and Connecticut rivers swept away bridges and obstructed travel. A train on the Midland railroad, near Hackensack, N. Y., was precipitated into a river by the breaking of a bridge, and one man was instantly killed and about thirty passengers more or less injured. A steamtug in New York harbor blew up and sunk, destroying six lives. The steamboat *Oceanus* exploded her boiler on the Mississippi, 180 miles below St. Louis, on the 11th ult., tearing away the whole upper works, and 60 lives were lost. During the past eighteen years fifty-four boats have been blown up on Western rivers, killing 3,083 people.—The locomotive of a freight train on the Baltimore and Ohio railroad, at Parkersburg, West Virginia, exploded on the 23d ult. with so great a force as to hurl the boiler 350 feet, and precipitated three cars into a creek one side of the bank. The tender and running gear were found lying on the other side. The engineer, fireman, and brakeman were killed.—On the Missouri Pacific railroad, two trains came into collision at Laclede: one locomotive exploded, and shortly after another express train ran into these two, yet, strange to say, nobody was killed.—Accounts continue to come from the region of the earthquake in California. It is stated that the whole of Owens valley has been moved fourteen feet. Seven thousand shocks have occurred, and in some cases they were succeeded by flames bursting from the rifted rocks on the mountain sides, which would coil and leap for a moment and then disappear.—Affairs are in a deplorable state along the Rio Grande. The Indians make raids upon the white people, committing robberies and murdering whole families, while bands of Mexicans make incursions into Texas, stealing and driving thousands of cattle into their territory. The Government is concentrating troops there to stop these outrages. The Texans demand that if the Government intends conquering Mexico, the territory shall be given up to them as an indemnity for the loss of their property.—In Indian Territory, a man was tried for murder, and on his acquittal a relative of the murdered man shot the prisoner dead, and also the judge on the bench. An indiscriminate fight ensued, in which eleven persons were killed and as many more wounded. Among the killed were three United States marshals.—The liquor law is so vigorously enforced in Maine that it is hard to obtain liquor at any place in the State; and many temperance meetings have been and are still held there.—Three steamers which arrived at New York from Liverpool on the same day (last Sunday) brought 3,100 passengers.—Snow is yet to be seen in many places in the colder regions of New England.

## FOREIGN.

THE Arbitration Board has met at Geneva. The British government submitted a case to the Tribunal in answer to the American one, and the United States Government has laid before it a counter-case in reply.—The trial of Arthur O'Connor for assaulting the Queen resulted in a verdict of guilty, and a sentence of twelve months at hard labor and twenty lashes.—It is believed that the steamship *Ispahan*, which left Bombay in January for London, and which has not been heard from since leaving Malta on the 13th of February, foundered off Brest, France. Fifty persons who were on board the *Ispahan* are supposed to have gone down with the ship.—The relations between France and Germany are again reported to be in so critical a condition that there was danger of a rupture between them, but assurances have been exchanged between the two countries of their desire for the continuation of friendship and peace.—There is a rising against the government in Spain under the lead of Don Carlos. A royal proclamation has been issued declaring the provinces of Navarre, Leida, and Biscay to be in a state of siege. The number of insurgents in the field is estimated at 10,000. The wife of Don Carlos accompanies him in his campaign, and has resolved to share whatever dangers he may meet in his movements.—The session of the Cortes was opened on the 24th ult., and King Amadeus delivered his speech in person, avowing his determination to preserve the government, and expressing hopes of a speedy termination of the insurrection.—A revolution has taken place at St. Marc, in Hayti, and the troops were massacring the insurgents by wholesale. Citizens of the United States were protected by the French consul.—Mexico is about in the same condition as it has been for several weeks past, except that Juarez is gaining.

## CONGRESS.

AN immense audience gathered in the Hall of the House on the evening of the 16th ult., to attend the memorial services in honor of Professor Morse. All the available space in the galleries was thronged with invited guests, and the floor was completely filled with executive and legislative dignitaries, including the President and Cabinet, Judges of the Supreme Court, Senators, Representatives, and the territorial and municipal authorities of the District of Columbia. In the diplomatic gallery were the representatives of every foreign country accredited to this Government. Immediately opposite Speaker Blaine, who presided on the occasion, was a fine oil painting of Professor Morse, surrounded by the words of his first dispatch, "What hath God wrought!" the whole framed in evergreens and immortelles. In front of the presiding officer were telegraphic instruments, which clicked incessantly messages from every quarter of the globe.—The apportionment bill regulating the admission of students into the National Deaf-Mute College has passed the Senate, and will soon be considered by the House.

THE second wife of the late S. F. B. Morse, the father of the telegraph, is a deaf-mute graduate of the New York City Institution. Her property is worth \$500,000, bequeathed by him.

WE noticed the case of a man in Iowa who recovered his hearing after a fit of sneezing. The man's name was F. Wienker, of Muscatine. It seems he was deaf from a severe cold, and the sneezing must have removed some obstruction.

PROF. COOK's Balm or Life is winning golden opinions. A pamphlet is published recording, over signatures, the experiences of those well qualified to judge, and their statements being grounded on actual tests, they have no cause for error. Many of the writers are known to us as honorable and veracious men, who would on no account endorse anything that did not take rank far above the nostrums of the day. Try it!

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